To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
Yfhe wil take it, ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.
An. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite,
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
An. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerriſſa*, and their traine.

Morocho. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayreſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Portia. In termes of choyſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,

And hedgd me by his wit to yeel
His wife, who winnes me by that
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) tha
As any commer I haue look'd on
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke yo
Therefore I pray you leade me t
To try my fortune: By this Sym
That ſlewe the Sophy, and a Per
That wone three fields of Sultan
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eye
Out-braue the hart moſt daring
Pluck the young ſucking Cubs f
Yea, mock the Lyon when a ror
To win the Lady. But alas, the
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at di
Which is the better man, the gr
May turne by fortune from the
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage
And ſo may I, blind Fortune le
Miſſe that which one vnworthi
And die with greeuing.
Portia. You muſt take your
And eyther not attempt to cho
Or ſweare before you chooſe, i
Neuer to ſpeake to Lady after
In way of marriage, therefore
Mor. Nor will not, come b
Portia. Firſt forward to the
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt

Enter the

Clowne. Certainely, my co
this Iewe my Maiſter: the fie
ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C